



MEMORIAL DAY.

"God Chose These Men to Die As Teachers and Types, That to Humble Lives May Chief Award be Made: That From Lowly Ones, and Rejected Stones, the Temple's Base is Laid."—John Boyle O'Reilly.

I mourn the living absent; Thou the Present (Don't know.)

Upon the grave of thy beloved dead I lay this wreath, bedewed with tears thou'lt shed.

Why weepst thou? Hast thou not often told The sweet communion thou dost hourly hold?

How in the night his fingers clasp thine own; How, day or night, thou art no more alone?

He speaks with thee, thine onward way to guide, A way that leadeth upward to his side.

Thou'lt say that thou art his; that thou wilt be With him through the soul's eternity.

No grave have I for flowers and tears this day, My well-beloved one is far away.

Between us lies a world of waters wide; Stern danger, stern duty by his side.

We are apart; the hopeless miles how cold! No arms of flesh nor spirit 'round me fold!

No warm lips in the darkness find my own; For me thy tears be shed this darksome day.

Had I thy faith—may, do not chide me so! "We'll meet again?" Oh, God, how can I know?

"In heaven," you say, "our souls from flesh are free." I want him here, thru love's eternity!

For me thy tears be shed this darksome day; Thine is but dead. My love is far away!

The Glorious Stars and Stripes. ("Our National Flag," a Fourth of July oration.)

And son which was in vogue over 60 years ago, and sent in by Comrade M. C. Dunn, Veterans' Home, Napa, Cal.)

Son: Father, look up and see that Flag, how gracefully it flies;

Those pretty stripes they seem to be the rainbow in the skies.

Father: It is our country's Flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light.

O'er ocean wave in foreign clime, a symbol of our might.

Son: Father, what fearful noise is that, like thunder in the clouds?

Why do the people wave their hats and rush along in crowds?

Father: It is a day of jubilee, the glad shouts of the free.

It is a day of memory dear, shout you aloud with glee.

Son: Father, I wish I were a man; I'd fire my cannon, too.

And cheer as loudly as the rest; but, Father, why don't you?

Father: I'm getting old, but still my heart is full of joy.

I've witnessed many a day like this. Shout you aloud, my boy.

Son: Hurrah for freedom's jubilee, God bless our native land.

And may I live to hold the boon of freedom in my hand.

Father: Well done, my son. Grow up and love the land that gave you birth;

The land where freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth.

Bugle Calls. (By Capt. W. I. Green, Quincy, Cal.)

Sunlight and shadow scattered o'er A checker'd tangle on the floor.

Of Nature's pathway. From the spray Of quaking ash, from brambles gay,

And every bush the way along Float mellow notes of vagrant song.

To song and water's sweet refrain The plines' low murmurs add a strain.

O'er mountain heads a blending strain. You'd not forget it, nor will I.

This wide expanse of baffling wood, Unbroken wilds and solitude.

From "Right forward fours right wheel" To "Column left" our bugles peal.

In blue and gold a living arch, The "Dandy Fifth" at "countermarch."

"Hostiles in force" our bugles play Along the pass right merrily.

Thru vistas on the mountain's side, In all the glory, pomp and pride

Of chivalry, the rebel foe. "On left to line" our riders go.

A battle on; war's flaming guns Race level lanes with the sun's

Thru briery meads, deserted ranch, Drives on the foe war's avalanche.

The cavalry. In seamless shrouds of blinding smoke The swift retreat from salient stroke.

And over all the ceaseless race Along the pine scrub's windy trace.

On "Hill for Sartain" banks of brown Night's somber curtains dropping down;

Dull, level rays of sunset bathe Alike the "soldier's grave" and wave

Almost the Last. Oh, soldier of the civil war,

Your eyes are dim, your form is bent, The allotted years are almost spent,

And death stands threatening at the door.

The march, the battle, hunger, cold, The sufferings, the wounds and ills,

The tale of which the bosom thrills Shall soon no more be proudly told.

They perish with you. Bard nor pen Shall tell the story of your deeds;

You man is the man with the sword To the forgotten things of men.

So be it. 'Tis the common lot, The individual fades away,

Or faintly glimmers for a day, Is here, is there, and then forgot.

The consciousness of duty done In this great land's supremest needs

Is yours forever. Earth recedes, On other shores the meed is won.

The Man With the Musket. (By Rev. Howard S. Taylor.)

Soldiers pass on from this rage of re-nown.

This ant hill commotion and strife, Pass by where the marbles and bronzes

look down. With their fast frozen gestures of life, On out to the nameless who lie 'neath

the gloom. Of the pining cypress and pine.

Your man is the man with the sword and the plume, But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him, by all that is noble I knew This commonplace hero I name.

I've camped with him, marched with him, I've fought with him, too.

In the swirl of the fierce battle flame; Laughed with him, cried with him,

taken a part Of his canteen and blanket and known.

That the throb of his chivalrous prairie boy's heart Was an answering stroke of my own.

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Taps. (By J. W. Powell, 10th Ind. L. A., from '61 to '65, The Pierpont, Washington, D. C. Rights reserved.)

Ah, who shall be, of all the throng— Of all the mighty, mighty host—

The last to chant the battle song, The song that rang from coast to coast.

The last of all the Boys in Blue, Who, firm of step and lithe of limb,

Stood where the zipping bullets flew Across the battle's eddying brim?

Yes, stood and fought on mountain side, In open field, where thousands fell,

Where men were killed, where soldiers died 'Midst harrowing scenes of darkest hell.

Of all the millions in the field, Who went from city, town and farm,

The last of all to die in battle— The last to feel death's dread alarm?

Oh, God, the pathos of the thought— The last of all that noble band

Who universal freedom bought With patriot blood, thruout the land!

A ransom, not for slave alone, But Freedom—Freedom for the hind

Who freed the despot's sceptered throne, Broad as God's love, for all mankind.

With steps infirm and eye that's dim, With silvered hair and tottering form,

He'll stand alone with visage grim— The last who dared the battle's storm.

His sun, behind the western hill, Will sink, alas! to rise no more;

Even now its rays shan't 'cross the sill And fall athwart an open door.

Full high, indeed, the day is past, Night drops her curtain all around.

Alert, he lists the trumpet's blast, And calmly waits for Taps to sound.

But, ah, the memory of the past (That past so full of great events),

If lingering with him to the last, Will yield its meed of recompense.

Again he hears the bugle sound "To arms!" the picket's titful fire,

The cannon's reverberations bound From hill to hill, from spire to spire.

He builds in haste the earthen wall, To life and drum he steps, and feels

The elbow touch when comrades fall He sees the shattered column reels

As, merging from some deep ravine, Or pushing from some deep ravine,

He drives an entering wedge between Where reinforcing columns pass.

Many Years Ago. (Selected.)

'Twas many years ago the news of Sumter's fall

Roused the Nation's ire and woke the trumpet's call—

The call of "Father Abraham" sounding loud and long,

And, lo! an army rose, "200,000 strong."

They came from hill and dale, from school and shop and farm;

They came from every place—a patriot's cry: "We're here!"

They came to fight for friends, and gave the parting hand,

Then bravely marched away to save our native land.

Into the fray they charged, "mid storm and shot and shell;

They boldly dared the hot and hungry fire of hell.

Thus many a noble boy fell in that awful strife,

And, sacrificing all, they saved the Nation's life.

Dear boys, we're growing old; our locks have turned to gray;

The ranks are thinning out; they're fading fast away;

The Captain of the Guard is on his final round,

And soon we all shall bivouac on our last camp ground.

The dear old flag that once a ruthless hand did seize,

We leave it to the youth and to the breeze; And when the soldier boys are sleeping

in the grave, Then let "Old Glory" proudly o'er them wave.

Chorus— Oh, many years—the speeding, speeding years!

How they fly—see how they fly! And the evening time is drawing nigh:

At the setting of the sun and the final battle won, We shall camp again in the glad by-

and-by.

Peace With Honor. (By James Russell Lowell.)

Better that all our ships and all their crews Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,

Abraham Lincoln. (By H. John Beckwith.)

The air is rent with bursting bombs and shells,

And red the sky with waiting camp-fires' glow.

While strong men's blood is crying from the dells,

O'er sea and land rings out the trumpet's blow.

Deserted are the homesteads, bare the fields,

But still—with tolling bells o'er those who fell—

New men, new fighting blood the country yields.

For war is on—a war but blood can quell.

The roar has ceased, and peace and stillness fall at last,

From out the blood-kissed sod young blue-grass springs.

And dawn of day is breaking from the war-torn past,

And time is hiding death-wounds 'neath its wings.

But once a year the drumsticks sound again,

A roll upon the wardrums of the past, Unheard by living ears. But in the

And silent cemeteries of the slain The call is heard, and from each grave,

Out of the kingdom of the hero-dead There comes the sound of time-kept tread.

In volume swelling like a mighty wave, Again the trumpets call, and from the wall

Of capitol the standards disappear, The shadow forms are gathering far and near.

In rag-worn uniforms in line they fall, And in the winter morning's gray, chill shen

They march once more—from out of space— The Blue and Gray, till face to face

They meet with but a single grave between.

Thence guns are fired in salute, The standards slowly lowered to the ground;

But from the somber shadows not a sound As silently they pay their mute tribute.

And then behold—across that grave— Where met again the Blue and Gray,

Two armies in their full array, The South, the North, the free-bought slave,

The hands are clasped, no longer foes, But brothers in the land of free.

The land of Grant, the land of Lee, One Nation strong-born from its woes,

And as they stand there hand in hand, The million heroes, young and old,

Out of that grave, from out the cold And frost-bound sod in Dixie Land,

A form appears, so gaunt and tall, A war-scarred Nation's sorrow

Furrowed deep upon his brow, He stands there towering over all.

That million—part but of the price He paid—and yet a peace and rest,

Unmeasurable as the sunset peace in West.

Shines from his deep-set, steel-blue eyes.

And, dressed, awkward, haggard form: The man who weighed the loss as well the gain,

Who knew the million would not die in vain;

The man who saw the sun behind the storm, And as he stands there in the dawn of day,

And as they greet him with the cry of "pam!"

In peace: "God bless you, Father Abraham!"

A smile like sunshine o'er a wringing boy

Gilds o'er the sadness of his haggard face.

His hands are raised towards the skies of blue.

"Oh, God, behold, it has come true! Out of the graves 'neath the battle maze"

The father keeps his flock and vine; Then who would mark the scene to-day

With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave men lift in regiments Ten thousand sabers in the sun;

The ricks replace the battle tents, The banners tassels toss and run.

The marching bands, the bugles' blast, These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,

The cannons plow the field no more; The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest

In peace along the peaceful shore! They fought for peace, for peace they fell.

They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought, The troches wave in golden grain;

Shall we neglect the lessons taught, And tear the wounds again?

Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land, And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold! Lo! rich abundance fast increase.

And valleys clear of smoke and gold! Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!

For these roam the land no more, And Janus rests with rusted door.

The Heroes Rest. (By S. M. East.)

Do you see on yonder hill Headstones gray with moss and still,

Sentries of the present day, Marking where a hero lay?

Thee is history written there, On these graves, cold and bare,

Telling those who pass this way Heroes rest beneath this clay.

It was from the Canton plain, And from Shiloh's dark campaign,

Myriads came to silent lay, Waiting for the Judgment Day.

Men of brain and courage came From the city and the plain,

Stalwarts for their country's cause, Succors of its civil wars.

The Unknown Dead. (By Capt. W. F. Henry.)

Do you ask me why we are here to-day?

Why we scatter the flowers of Spring?

Why, with the roses and blossoms of May, Pray for the Unknown Dead we bring?

In the long ago days when the storm swept o'er our land with poisonous

breath, Bringing to hearthstones black despair, Reaping a harvest of pain and death.

The loyal sons of the Nation then Followed Old Glory where'er it led—

Spurred on by the thought that when they arrived at the point of concentra-

tion near the Yellow Tavern both men and animals were faint with hunger

and thirst, and the only thing that kept them from falling was the

idea of duty. Stuart was the only one who was not tired, and he was

the only one who was not hungry, but all right. Stuart was one of the most

interesting personalities in the whole Southern Confederacy, and was intensely

admired and loved by his people. J. Esten Cooke says with regard to him:

"Stuart was a man of remarkable frankness, and the least penetrating person could see